

The grass appears as beautiful as waves on inland seas,

Goldenrod and buttercups are nodding in the breeze.

It surely is a sight to see as on the bog we pass,
Each berry try to hide itself beneath the moss and grass,

They act like timid people as if they were afraid;
When you bring them to the light blush like a bashful maid.

All day long the pickers go

Until the sun is getting low;

For when the sun sinks in the west

Then nature hails the time of rest.

The wild wood songster clears its throat

And gives one last long lingering note

That echoes sweet o'er dale and hill

Then settles down and all is still.

The daily labors being done,

The boys and girls must have their fun,

To the bower house they then will go

And trip the light fantastic toe.

'Till the foreman comes at ten each night;

In a stern voice, "put out the light."

Each tired picker seeks their cot

And soon their troubles are all forgot.

A CRANBERRY IDYL.

(A poem composed by "Patterson" a ditch digger, and read at the cranberry picnic last August at the Gaynor Blackstone marsh meeting.)

When the snow all disappears

And the frost just leaves the ground,

The season's work begins;

So at it you are bound.

Then you go and get your sod hook

And your ditching knife, you know,

For the dams may need repairing

From the water's overflow.

And a place that needs the work done

Does not escape your eye

For you say this water, it is precious,

I may need it by and bye.

Some time in June you plant your vines;

Be sure and get your proper bevel,

For the vines will not do well

Unless they have the water level.

You think your marsh in proper shape;

They all say that it's boss;

When you find you have an enemy,

That everlasting moss;

And you say I must get rid of that,

Just as quickly as I can,

Or else my neighbors all will say

That I am a "high water" man.

You watch the berries closely,

As they begin to form;

The water must not be too cold,

It must not be too warm;

And you think they'll stand the season

And at last come out all right,

If nothing further happens

And they do not catch the blight.

Some old fogie has said

"A woman's work is never done,"

That a man has got a snap—

He only works from sun to sun—

But there are men before me here today

Will prove that I am right;

That when you run a cranberry marsh,

You are at it day and night.

For when you think you will have
A good night's sleep,
You roll over with a groan,
Half asleep and half awake,
You thought you heard the telephone,
And when you have said your "hello,"
Did I hear that voice aright?
"The flag was on the train today;
There will be frost tonight."

Then you jump into your overalls,
And your blood begins to boil,
And you gaffe on your lantern
That is always filled with oil.
Then you look at the thermometer
And you say "confound my pate;
It was fifty-two four hours ago
And now it's twenty-eight."

Then you pull out all your sluice boards,
Away down to the floor,
And you stand there a few moments,
And you hear the water roar;
Till at last your marsh is flooded,
And you dance around with glee,
And bid defiance to Jack Frost
"You cannot injure me."

Now, C. E. Lester said to me,
"Pat, you will have to get a wife,
Or you will raise no berries;
Not upon your life."
So, I asked him for his reason,
And he gave it to me right;
"You will need a crying baby
To keep you up all night."

Now when convention day comes round,
They come from all creation;
Some in rubber tired buggies
To Gaynor's marsh
And the experimental station.
Some stand around and talk,
They are as happy as you please,
While some sit around on benches,
Beneath the big pine trees.

And they listen to the secretary
As he reads from his report,
If the crop will be a full one
Or if it will be short;
And he'll tell you about old New Jersey,
And all about the Early Black;
How quick they get to market—
They are the cracker jack;
And he'll tell about Cape Cod,
That great record breaker,
How they raise 260 barrels to the acre.
But when it comes to Wisconsin
His reports are meager and small.
He is trying to make you believe
We raise no berries here at all.
We've had men from Kansas City
St. Paul and also Chi.
They have looked the whole crop over,
Perhaps they are going to buy.
The railroads too, are represented,
And they offer a rebate.
They are holding out inducement;
They are after all the freight.
We have nearly every berry here
That grows beneath the sun;

We have the old McFarland,
And the Howe—a No. 1.
Then, there is the Cherry, spotted like an
egg,
And also the Bugle—looks like a wooden
peg;

And the Nova Scotia—you can
Eat them by the hour—
But I will tell you one thing,
You will find them very sour.

The Berlin is a dandy,
And they ought to take the prize,
They ripen up so even,
And so uniform in size.
The Metallic Bell is fine;
Now, perhaps you think I'm bold
When I say the vines cost twenty cents a
pan,

And they're worth their weight in gold.
We must not pass the Jumbos
They are of enormous size;
Just take a look on Bennet's marsh,
It will open up your eyes.
We have the Elm Lake Rough Rider;
In your mouth they'll almost melt;
They look like a bucking bronco—
Just the kind for Roosevelt.

But with all these fancy berries
That have vines like Virginia Creepers,
Don't forget the Wisconsin Natives;
For they beat them all for keepers.
Now they are using them for medicine
And the doctors all agree

That they are far better than
Rocky Mountain Tea,
And it will drive them out of business
That's between me and you
And they will have to take that sign down
Of their Indian Kickapoo.

And you may think it preposterous
But still we heard it said
That they will bring the hair back
On any old bald head.

Now they're good for men that's strong
And they're good for men that's weak
And they're good for youthful maidens—
'Twill put the bloom upon their cheek—
And I'll guarantee you one thing,
They will never leave a taint;
They are better than your powder;
Far better than your paint.

Now they use them in the navy
Its no more than right they should,
For Uncle Sam is on
To everything that's good.
They ship them to Alaska,
You ask any doctor, nervy,
If they aren't the best thing in the world
To cure that awful scurvy.

They're good for almost everything,
Now, that's an open question,
They're good for teething babies,
And they're good for indigestion.
So I might laud their praises,
Away up to the ceiling,
As they're good for all the mothers

With that awful tired feeling.

Now when it comes September,
And cool weather does begin,
They hustle after pickers;
They must get their berries in.
And they hitch up horse and buggy
And drive from town to town,
And go out in the country,
And go for miles around.

And they say, "I've got the best marsh.
I know it can't be beat;
You can stand in water all day long
And never wet your feet.
And my shanties are the best,
I don't care what you say;
And every night a place to sleep
Upon the best of hay."

You get the promise of a hundred;
You think you'll get some more;
But when you start to pick your berries
You'll have about fifty-four.
Then the crew all starts in;
The berries are ripe and thick,
And the boss, he comes along,
And pokes you with a stick;
And when you look around,
You think he's awful mean,
When he says, "Mr. man, Mr. man,
You pick those berries clean."

Just step into the hall some night,
You'll see suits that're tailor made;
And the style that you will see there,
'll throw King Edward in the shade.

The last dance is the ladies' choice;
Now from the hall don't roam,
For if a girl should choose you,
That's a hint to take her home.

Now your crop, it is all gathered,
And its piled up very high;
They are put in bushel boxes,
And they are left in there to try;
And soon the girls will come along;
They think that they're in clover;
And that they will get the job
Of picking berries over.

Then they talk about their lovers,
Some are dandies on the fiddle
And about the other fellows—
Who part their hair
Down through the middle.
And amid this din and prattle,
The foreman shakes the barrells well,
For the buyers say
The berries should not rattle.

Then he puts on "Cultivated Cranberries
Grown by so and so,
Fourteen miles below Grand Rapids,
Where the best cranberries grow."
And he'll put on "Four Ex Pie berries,
Finest in the land,
Warranted not to shrink,
And all climates they will stand."

There is a brand I think they call the
"Boss"
That's for Thanksgiving dinner,
And they make the best of sauce.

Then there's another brand,
Put up by Edward Kruger,
"Stand your berries out to freeze,
Don't take half the sugar."
Now if you've any tools
That's completely gone to smash,
And you know you must replace them,
Just call on Larry Nash.
He's a splendid man to deal with,
Although sometimes rather queer;
If you kick about the price,
He'll throw in a keg of beer.
Now when your berries are all so'd
And you think you're getting richer,
And you've any job work to do,
Call on "Pat, the ditcher."
He will dig your ditches crooked,
Or else he'll dig them straight;
He will fill out all your orders,
If you have the time to wait.
And your dams he'll lay up fine
For he's loaded down with proof.
He'll lay your sods double-jointed,
Like the shingles on your roof;
And he'll take any kind of a job

From a rod unto a mile,
Or he'll ditch clean to Milwaukee,
If you'll make it worth his while.
So now my friends I've shown
You of our life,
From the spring until the fall;
Bear with me a moment,
For I have not told you all;
And when it's in the winter,
And the snow is on the land,
We hitch up our teams
And haul on lots of sand.
Now I hope you've all enjoyed yourselves
But as sure as I'm a sinner,
I think the best part of all
Was that grand convention dinner.
To the ladies of this association,
Who have worked so hard today,
To try and entertain us,
While we've been like kids at play,
I do move you Mr. President,
We lay aside our pranks,
And one and all
Unite in giving them,
A unanimous vote of thanks.